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# Every Colored Man

Should Have This Journal in His Home.

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## LYNCHBURG JAIL.

Editor Mitchell Visits The Prisoners.

MARY ABERNATHY'S PITIFUL CONDITION.

SHE WELPS OVER HER MISERY

MARABLE REPEATS HIS STATEMENT.

DECLARES AUNT MARY INNOCENT.

Will Speak from the Gallows.

On Friday morning, May 26th, Editor Mitchell boarded the C. & O. train for Lynchburg. Prof. J. E. Jones, D. D., was en route to the same city.

At Lynchburg, he met Mr. George W. Bragg of Richmond, Rev. A. Chisholm, D. D., of Bedford City, Rev. P. F. Morris, D. D., pastor of the Court St. Baptist Church at Lynchburg and Prof. G. W. Hayes, president of the Virginia Seminary.

The latter took the editor in his buggy and carried him to the Lynchburg jail. There he saw the Deputy-Sergeant Mr. H. E. Gouldman. Upon being told that the editor desired to see the Lynchburg prisoners, he readily granted the request and led the way to the inside of the gloomy stone enclosure.

Descending stone-steps, he halted before a cell and by the light barely discerned the familiar features of Solomon Marable. He had heard the editor's footsteps.

"Marable, have you forgotten me?"



MARY ABERNATHY AND BABE. Poor Aunt Mary!

"No, sir" was the reply. After enquiring as to his health, the editor passed into the other cell. There sitting at the grated door, her wasted child in her arms was Aunt Mary Abernathy. As Editor Mitchell spoke to her, she burst into a flood of tears and gave herself up to continued weeping.

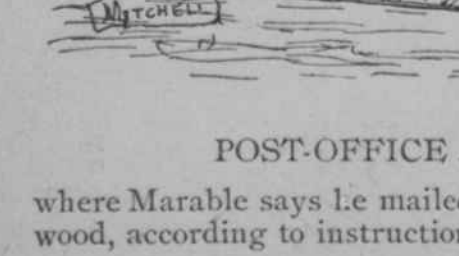
It was a scene never to be forgotten. Her cell was the second one from that of Solomon. In it was a trunk, mattress on the wooden floor and one chair completed the furnishings of this gloomy apartment.

At the other end, a mellow light shone down upon the dejected woman and her pitiful babe.

The editor returned to the cell of Solomon Marable and conversed with him relative to his condition.

"Marable, have you any statement to make other than that you have already made?" No, sir, was the response. "Do you still claim the woman are innocent?" Yes, sir, Mary Abernathy is innocent. She had nothing to do with it and I hope you will do all you can for her.

After consultation with Mr. Gouldman, editor Mitchell told him that he wanted to take down Solomon Marable's statement as made now and compare it with what he had previously stated when he was virtually at death's door. Marable did not hear this statement made and the editor stepped up to



POST-OFFICE AT CHASE CITY, where Marable says he mailed the letter to himself at Finneywood, according to instructions of D. J. Thompson.



SOLOMON MARABLE. Behind the bars at the Richmond Jail before he was removed to Farmville, Va.

the cell-door, and drew forth his notebook and pencil and wrote down Marable's statement, which was as follows:

MARABLE'S STORY. "In the morning [June 14, 1895], I was sitting on the porch of Solomon Marable. He had heard the editor's footsteps.

"Marable, have you forgotten me?" I sat there about an hour just guessing at it.

HOW HE SPENT THE MONEY. I put two pieces of paper money in it that I had gotten in change. As I was going on there, I took out one piece of the paper money, I don't know what it was and left the \$5.00 I went to the post-office and handed him fifty cents to register it and he gave me change.

Then I came back down there to Mr. Clark's, and I bought several things. I bought a suit of clothes. And then I left there and went home. I lost the twenty dollar note with a pocket-knife and a handkerchief. I

He made no distinguishing as to what I said. "Mr. Thompson, I don't care to have anything to do with them folks. They ain't done anything to me and I'm nothing to them."

He says, "God damn it, that ain't what I did to you, and damn if it, you don't do as I told you to do, I'll shoot your damn head off."

I went on up there with him. When I got up there, he repeated the same words over again.

He went up to the house. He made a noise at the door and just as he made walking up the road and said, "Good morning, Mr. Thompson. He said, 'Where are you going?' I said, 'going to the saw mill.' He said, 'No damn you, you've got to go with me and he drew his pistol and said, Damn it, come up here and walk up to her and said, 'Do you know me?' and she said, 'you are a white man.'"

She started to say something and recognized him, and he cut her off and said, "How long had Mr. Pollard been back?"

I do not remember whether she said before 12 o'clock or after 12. He says "I come to kill Mr. Pollard and I can't get a chance to kill him so I'll kill you."

THE TERRIBLE MURDER. He picked up the axe and drew back, and when he drew back I turned her loose and he said, "Where in the hell are you going?" I said, "I'm not going anywhere, and he struck her with the back of the axe three

times, and then he took the eye of the axe and hit her. I don't know how many times he hit her with it.

When he got through hitting her, he said to me, "Where in the hell are you going?" I said I am going home.

He says, "Where is she going?" I said, "No sir."



SOLOMON MARABLE. Taken outside of the jail at Farmville, Va.

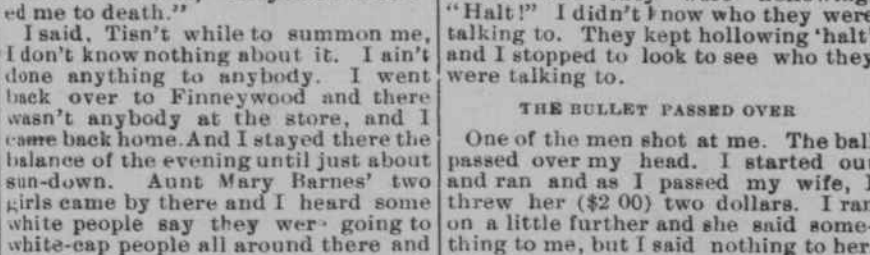
The next word she said, "You'd better send me all and you stay here. They might be hard on you."

I said, fix the children and let's go. I'll carry you park the way and I'll come back.

I told her we will walk as far as Chase City and we would take the train there. I was going as far as Soradan and I was going to take the train and come back.

She fixed the children and said, "Don't you want no breakfast?" I said, I'll make out until I get back.

WE TOOK THE CHILDREN TO CHASE CITY and got a sixty-cent lunch at the same



THE ROAD FENCE. About the spot where Marable said he met David James Thompson.

never saw it any more.

WANTED AS A WITNESS. And I went home. When I got there, my wife said, "Somebody been here looking for you as a witness. They have summoned you for Mrs. Pollard's death."

She said, "They liked to scare me to death."

I said, "I ain't while to summon me, I don't know nothing about it. I ain't done anything to anybody. I went back over to Finneywood and there ain't anybody at the store, and I came back home. And I stayed there the balance of the evening until just about dawn. Aunt Mary Barnes' two girls came by there and I heard some white people say they were going to white-wash people all around there and my wife got scared and said she wasn't going to stay there."

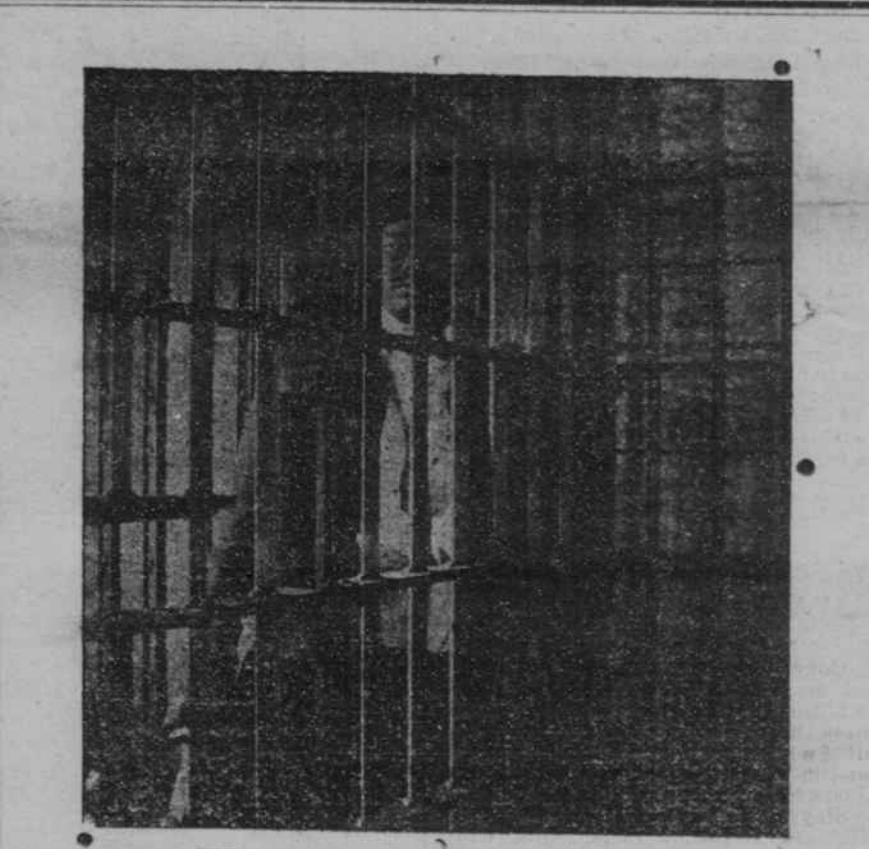
She was going to Ed Nuttall's. He asked me, "Where is she?" I said, "I'm going to stay there. I ain't doing anything to anybody."

She commenced to crying and said, "No, don't stay there, and I hope her carry the children over to Ed Nuttall's and I told her I was going to stay there just to satisfy her."

HEARD THE PEOPLE. I came back and stayed there until I got dark and I heard a lot of people come riding up there on horses and I got my clothes out and left there just before they got to the house and I

pulling off my every day clothes and put on my clean ones and laid my overalls down by the side of a log, so that they wouldn't get them the next morning. There was no blood on the overalls or coat, only torn, torn, torn. I then took my every-day coat for to put around me to keep me from getting wet and sat under the Meherrin Creek Trestle all night. I fell asleep and my coat dropped down, and I came away, forgetting it.

SENDING HIS WIFE AWAY. When I got to my house, that Sunday morning, my wife was there. When I got there, I said, Babe, don't you want to go home to-day and she said, "I want to go home. You have been promising to send me home long enough to send me home. I left there and as you like about it."



SOLOMON MARABLE. In the iron cage at Farmville, Va.

fees that Mary Abernathy and Poky Barnes and Mary Barnes were in it, he didn't know whether I would ever live to get to Mr. Pollard's.

I told it before I got there. When I got there they had the trial and I told them the name that I told Pettus they carried us from Mr. Pollard's to Lunenburg by traveling all night.

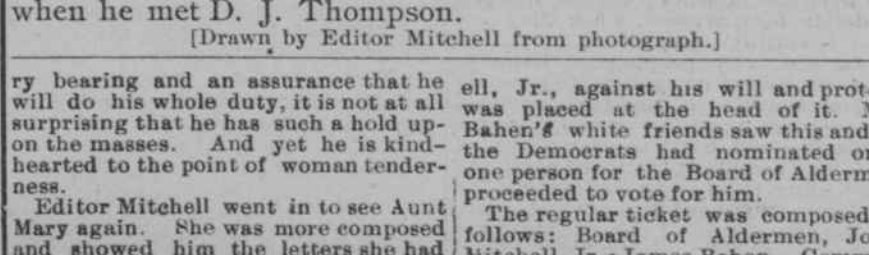
They took us from there to Petersburg. I shall speak from the gallows. I shall make this statement from the gallows. If it hadn't been for David James Thompson, I would be a free man today. I didn't know anything about these people. They look'd as poor as I did.

This ended Solomon Marable's statement. For more than an hour Editor Mitchell had been taking it down, and from time to time the weils and lamentations of poor Mary Abernathy were heard in the cell while the kind-hearted deputy-sergeant vainly tried to make less her misery and soothe her in the moments of her untold suffering.

DEEPLY AFFECTED. Marable was deeply affected. Tall, gaunt, moon-faced, he enquired as to when they would come for him to carry him to the place of execution. When told that July, the 1st would be the date of his removal and July 3rd, the date of his execution, there was no change in his countenance.

150 ballots were thrown out upon technicalities, in the 3d Precinct. The Democratic candidate had a majority of only 107. This being the number that it was finally decided to give him. J. W. Madison, a colored carpenter, was put up for Mayor. This was a scholastic against the Democrats and bringing out the white vote. It also caused the Democratic City Committee to appropriate a large sum of money for the purpose of bribing voters.

The independent ticket furnished an excuse James H. Hayes and E. J. Cook were patrons of the straight black ticket. Alderman John Mitchell



THE OLD SAW MILL. The place where Marable worked, and to which he was going when he met D. J. Thompson.

ry bearing and an assurance that he will do his whole duty, it is not at all surprising that he has such a hold upon the masses. And yet he is kind, hearted to the point of woman tenderness.

Editor Mitchell went in to see Aunt Mary again. She was more composed and showed him the letters she had received. She wanted to give the editor two counterpanes as an humble token of her appreciation. He could not take them then as he was to attend the exercises at the Virginia Seminary that night.

The main portions of the jail is 75 years old and is said to be one of the safest in the United States. The cells in which the Lynchburg prisoners are confined are steel-lined.

Y. M. C. A. Rev. R. O. Johnson will explain the Sunday School Lesson to-day, 5:30 P. M. Meeting in the Jail Sunday 11 A. M. Master Clifton Cabel will conduct the boys' meeting Sunday 4 P. M. Mothers help us save your boys.

Every man in our city is invited to the True Reformers' Hall, Sunday 5:30 P. M. sharp to hear a special address by Brother D. W. Davis. Director C. Williams has arranged special music. Free to all men.

The Blues are going to eat crackers and cheese at the close of the contest while the orange will enjoy cream and cake.

Do You Want to Borrow Money? Do you want to borrow money? If so call on WEST-END REAL ESTATE COMPANY, No. 221 W. Broad St. Money loaned on real and personal property, rents collected, houses built on easy monthly payments. Money advanced on rents.

A Colored Congressman. The House of Representatives seated Hon. George Murray, the colored congressman from the First South Carolina District. There was vociferous applause as he marched to the bar of the House to have administered to him the oath of office.

poeted of him and when his turn came to speak, he was greeted with rounds of applause. Mr. Banks reflected great credit upon himself and honor upon his alma mater. He spoke on the subject: "How to Succeed in Life." We regarded it as a powerful portrayal of the means by which one must reach the topmost round of the ladder of accomplishment. It is very evident that Mr. Banks' life has been one of a student since his leaving the institution. This was evidenced, not only in the Alumni meeting of the afternoon, but in the evening when he was called upon to respond to a toast, he displayed an abundance of wit mingled with eloquence and original thought.



JUSTICE HUGHES' OFFICE AT CHASE CITY. Where Marable gazed smilingly down upon 300 armed men anxious to take his life.

[Drawn by Editor Mitchell from photograph.]

address in the afternoon as did also Miss Lelia Minnis, Mr. Thomas Anderson and others.

The debate was one long to be remembered. The subject discussed was: "Resolved that the enactment of the Virginia Legislature in regard to the new system of voting is unconstitutional?" The question was affirmed by Miss Elmira Hawkins and Mr. Thomas Hebron; denied by Miss Mattie Gilbert and Mr. J. Royal Fride. The absence of Mr. Hebron necessitated a substitute in the person of Mr. Thomas H. White.

The evening's program was a complete success in every detail. The chapel was immaculately decorated of its seat-ings, long tables were stretched from one end to the other in three rows, these were isolated till they groined with the luxuries of the season. The band was seated upon the rostrum, discoursing the latest and sweetest



SOLOMON MARABLE'S CORN HOUSE. Where he said he hid.

[Drawn by Editor Mitchell from photograph.]

music, while the guest were assembling and they marched to the music of the band and seated themselves around the rostrum. The room was crowded and the highest anticipation of the crowd were at least approximated in the greetings and exchanging of greetings in general, which they enjoyed. Having fared sumptuously the toast master called the house to order.

Some of the most delightful speeches in which he encouraged the students to go forward, laying a broad and deep foundation—let them build for eternity and if they build upon solid rock, character, they can not fail.

I days in the history of Virginia Seminary—the reassembling of about sixty of its old graduates, going forth again, reborn in the spirit of love and devotion for their alma mater and with the settled purpose to demand for her in all parts of the State, what she justly won and she justly deserves.

The Lord will bless Virginia Seminary.

SERVATORE. The services at the churches in this section on last Sabbath were good. Rev. Mr. Patterson of the Seminary preached a very enthusiastic sermon at the Rising Mt. Zion Baptist Church.

Next Sabbath morning Rev. Archer Ferguson will baptize. In the afternoon, he will administer the Lord's Supper.

The Sunday School Union will convene at the Rising Mt. Zion Baptist Church next Sunday at 3:30 P. M.

Mrs. Annie Boyd and her little daughter, Cattie left for New York City last week.

Mr. Leonard Smith, one of the worthy members of the Rising Mt. Zion Baptist Church is sick at present writing. We hope him a speedy recovery.

Want a Privilege Granted. Mr. Editor: With your kind permission I shall begin a series of articles on Life, Character and doings of Drunken Jim, Nick Jim, Jumping John, Jail-bird Eddie and others. No X ray is needed. Ordinary lamp-light will do as the public will be benefited by the exposure of the hypocrites.

His Eye Open.

ED. NUTTALL'S CABIN. The place to which Marable carried his wife and children to spend the night.

[Drawn by Editor Mitchell from photograph.]